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THE GALLERIES.

DEGAS AND HIS SCULPTURE.

Sunday Times. 13 Feb. 1922.

By FRANK RUTTER.

Of all the great nineteenth-century artists who used to be "lumped" together as "The French Impressionists," none has more firmly held his position than Hilaire Germain Edgar Degas. Ever since his "Dancers at the Bar" brought £17,400, in a Paris auction, thereby creating a record for the work of a living artist, even the least sophisticated have felt that there was "something in Degas." Fashions in modern pictures have greatly changed during the past twenty years; qualities once admired no longer hold the first place in critical esteem; other qualities, once thought secondary, have become of primary importance; but through all these tergiversations the fame of Degas has never been even temporarily obscured, and it has glowed since his death with a steady and ever brighter flame.

In truth there are so many qualities in the work of Degas that whichever happens to be thought supreme according to the taste of the day, this quality is likely to be found in Degas. Just as a Degas was something to be pointed at when the talk was of colour and atmosphere, so is it when the talk changes to excellence in drawing and design. It is as the heir of the draughtsmanship of Ingres, and of the pattern-building of the masters of Japan that Degas holds his unique place among the impressionists.

Unhappily we have in London no great example of the full powers of Degas. The "Ballet Scene from Robert the Devil," belonging to the Ionides Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, is the best we have, but fine and interesting as this may be, it is not one of the artist's supreme works. Nor in the Lane Collection at the Tate is Degas anything like so well represented as Manet, Renoir, and Monet are: I believe the best Degas Sir Hugh Lane ever bought went down with him in the Lusitania. There is, therefore, little in any public London collection to tell us of Degas' attitude towards life, of that curious sensitiveness to beauties of movement, arabesque and illumination which warmed him even when he was expressing his contempt and disgust of certain aspects in the life of the Paris of his day. Failing fine examples of his paintings, it is to the Print Room of the British Museum that the Londoner should go to learn more of Degas through his drawings.

HIS SCULPTURE.

Meanwhile, owing to private enterprise, it is possible during the next few weeks to see another aspect of this great man's art. Yesterday at the Leicester Galleries a private view was given of an exhibition of seventy-two works of sculpture by Degas, and to-morrow this exhibition will be open to the public.

Hitherto, for most of us, the sculpture of Degas has been little more than a legend. Twenty years ago, when one asked in Paris what Degas was doing, the reply came, "Oh, he's given up painting now, and is modelling," but very few people had seen what he modelled. Degas never encouraged inquisitiveness, as Mr. Sickert will tell you, and he had a short way with interviewers, who saw (and sometimes felt) little but his staircase. Consequently, apart from a solitary figure shown at the *Indépendants* in 1881, only a privileged few ever saw his sculpture in his lifetime; and, so far as I know, it has been exhibited only once since his death, at Paris, in 1921.

The masterly grasp of form shown in his paintings is itself enough to reveal that Degas had the plastic sense. All who remember the superb but comparatively early painting, "A Carriage at the Races," in the Durand Ruel collection, shown at the Grafton Galleries an

DEGAS, THE SCULPTOR.

P.M. — 17 Feb 1923.

SURPRISING SHOW AT LEICESTER GALLERIES.

Degas, the great French Impressionist, who even during his lifetime had the gratification of finding himself classed with the great masters, both by the public and by the market, which priced one of his pictures at the Bouart sale at £17,400, the highest price ever paid for a picture by a living artist—Degas, now, a few years after his death, bids fair to take an equally exalted place among sculptors as he does among painters.

Not even his intimates were more than superficially acquainted with this phase of his genius. As a matter of fact, Degas never produced sculpture for its own sake. He modelled his little wax figures of dancers and horses to serve as models for his paintings and pastels, and many of the 70 pieces now at the Leicester Galleries, which constitute the sum total of his output as a sculptor, will be recognised by those who are familiar with his paintings.

MODELS' PERFECT BALANCE.

For all that, they suffice to establish Degas's reputation as one of the great sculptors of our time. It would be difficult to find a modern sculptor to rival him in perfect balance and particularly in that astounding stability which he maintains in the interpretation of movement.

Moreover, Degas, thanks to his study of ballet dancers at practice, has been able to discover new possibilities, new motives, in a subject so exhausted that most artists have to content themselves with slight variations of poses that have become stereotyped in course of time. Who but Degas could model a nude poised on one leg and looking at the sole of her other foot and find in this acrobatic feat a captivating rhythm of line and balanced form?

This Degas exhibition is an event of first-rate artistic importance. Nothing more exciting and stimulating has been seen at the galleries for many a long day.

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The masterly grasp of form shown in his paintings is itself enough to reveal that Degas had the plastic sense. All who remember the superb but comparatively early painting, "A Carriage at the Races," in the Durand Ruel collection—shown at the Grafton Galleries in 1905—will be prepared to take it for granted that Degas could model horses as splendidly as he painted them. We see proof of this in plenty at the Leicester Galleries, where the trotting and galloping horses in bronze are the corollaries we might expect to the racecourse paintings. That it was *movement* which particularly fascinated Degas is revealed by the fact that, apart from the splendid "Cheval Arrêté," all the horses are in movement, and it was movement again which drew Degas to the study of dancers. How beautifully he could seize the delicate poise and register the rhythm of disciplined action is seen in the two exquisite statuettes (5 and 6) of the first and second movements in the *Grande Arabesque*. Movement, again, is the primary fascination in such subjects as the groups "Femme se lavant" (64) and "La Masseuse" (65). Mr. Sickert, in his introduction, contradicts the legend that "Degas took to modelling in his old age in consequence of the failure of his sight," and the exhibits confirm his statement. These bronzes, even the slightest and most sketchy, are not the work of a man whose powers are failing, but are the working models of a Master, created at various times, partly for their own sake and partly as material for his paintings and drawings.

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THE DEGAS EXHIBITION.

A debt of thanks is due to the enterprising management of the Leicester Galleries for having given London an opportunity to see the full collection of seventy-two works in bronze by Degas, whose formidable achievement as a sculptor, unknown even to his intimate friends, was revealed to Paris only a year or so ago. Too often an artist's memory is ill served when, after his death, his remaining efforts are dragged out from obscure corners of his studio—failures and semi-failures, unfinished pictures and scraps of every description—and exposed to the merciless light of gallery or auction room. But Degas's statuettes are not of this nature They constitute an art "discovery" of the highest importance and significance. Presumably they were not intended either for sale or for publicity. They were devised as models which, appropriately dressed, took the place of living models for Degas's pictures and drawings. Their poses are actually repeated in some of his known painted works. Executed thus entirely for his own use, without any desire to court other people's taste, these statuettes are realised with a directness of aim and with a passionate intensity not often found in modern sculpture.

What Degas concentrates upon in his modelled dancers is neither classic beauty of proportion nor elegance and nobility of pose, but the discovery of new rhythms in movements that are the monopoly of the highly-trained dancer or acrobat, feats of balance and twists of the body that are impossible to the ordinary person. In attempting such feats of balance as standing on one leg with the other leg thrown out at a right angle and the body bending back, the novice will pass through a whole succession of clumsy, grotesque, unrhythmic poses. But the human body is so constructed that when balance is eventually achieved, all the lines of arms and legs and torso fall into inevitable rhythmic relations. This rhythm is essential to the stability of the pose which cannot be maintained if any break occurs in the rhythm. And this rhythm is to be found in all Degas's figures. It constitutes their incomparable charm, and to it is due that firmness with which figures in the most unstable of positions seem to be planted in the ground as though they were growing out of spreading roots. Realism in sculpture could not go further. The subjects impose this realism, because any departure from facts would destroy the stability of the work. And there is no need for the arbitrary introduction of graceful relations of form, because the human body in the unconscious striving after balance assumes the most perfect rhythm of which it is capable.

Some of these studies of dance movement are described as "arabesques." I am not sure whether or not this is a technical term in the art of ballet-dancing, but it certainly sums up the essential impression produced by these pieces: the silhouettes have the character of arabesques. Throughout this series, Degas seemed to be searching for new motives of movement and for the displacements and new relations of form brought about by the forced action of any part of the body. He loved the interpretation of the strain of extreme effort. The easy, normal movement of the Spinario and of the Disk-thrower would not have satisfied his aesthetic curiosity. He preferred to model a woman, standing on one foot and examining the sole of her other foot, or the action of a dancer hooking up the shoulder-strap of her bodice, or thrusting her body forward, with rigid arms and clasped hands behind her back. Degas's studies of horses are treated very much in the same spirit. They are shown rearing, pulling, straining, caracoling, galloping with head turned and feet off the ground. And in every case the movement is carried out logically throughout. In no case—dancers or horses—is the swiftness of the impression lost in polished finish. The bronzes reproduce the wax models with clear indication of the thumbing and of the laying on, piece by piece, of the lumps of wax. These bronzes are sketches rather than finished statuettes, but they are the sketches of a master of form and movement.

CATALOGUE OF AN EXHIBITION
OF THE WORKS IN SCULPTURE
OF EDGAR DEGAS. Born 1834, Died 1917
With a Preface by WALTER SICKERT

See: Burl. Mag. March 1923, p. 150. Illus. (2)

ERNEST BROWN & PHILLIPS
THE LEICESTER GALLERIES
LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON
FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1923

DEGAS AS SCULPTOR.

Times — 17.2.28

DANCING GIRLS AND HORSES.

From the exhibition of statuettes that opens to-day at the Leicester Galleries many people will learn for the first time that Degas did any sculpture. Mr. Walter Sickert's preface to the catalogue forbids us to say that Degas was any more secretive about his modelling in wax than he was about his other work; but the existence of these things was unknown in his lifetime to many in "the art world" as well as outside it. The models, made in a peculiar composition of wax and tallow that pleased Degas but was not durable, were in such a condition that a Carnarvon-Carter degree of care had to be exercised by his friend Hébrard, who guarded them during the war and performed the very delicate task of casting them, with all their imperfections on their heads (and legs), precisely as Degas left them.

In a sense they are student works. But then, in a sense, all Degas's work was student work—the work of a man who laboured incessantly towards the mastery of the inexhaustible truth and beauty in a comparatively narrow field. These many studies of dancing girls in the nude and of horses are stages in the incessant study of dancing girls and of horses—a stage when they were studied "in the round." Degas, as this exhibition shows, would do the same study twice, three times, four times, getting it better and better as he went on. There are girls practising the steps and figures of the dance, girls taking a bath or drying themselves after it, girls rubbing their limbs or having them rubbed. The figures seem full of learning about the dance, about the ways of the dancer, and about the muscles and poses and structure of the dancer. In nearly every figure there is some little miracle of observation or modelling; and in every figure there is a swing, a balance, a show of movement that only grow in beauty as it is studied. As with the dancers, so with the horses. Degas's drawings of horses make most drawings of horses suggest wooden horses: these models are even more wonderful in their vitality and in the daring that snatches at a passing and perhaps a rare moment in horse movement, and makes it eternal without making it look strained. Things so swift yet so profound as these are rare.

THE SCULPTOR OF MOVEMENT.

THE existence of the bronzes that constitute this exhibition is due to the collaboration between two artists, the one dead, and the other, fortunately, living; between the sculptor that was Degas, and his pious, wise and effectual friend, the founder, Adrien A. Hébrard. If it had not been for the tender precautions taken by the latter in placing the frail and perishing models in wax and tallow safely in his cellars during the war, to his judgment in casting them in *statu quo*, at the precise stages as left by the sculptor, and to his skill as a moulder, the world would have been the poorer by a great modern sculptor.

There are certain misapprehensions about Degas, sculptor, or, to be more precise, modeller, which this exhibition affords, perhaps, a convenient occasion for clarifying. The first is on a matter of fact. It has sometimes been asserted in Paris that Degas took to modelling in his old age in consequence of the failure of his sight. But his modelling dates back much further. I saw in his

rooms in the rue Pigalle, in 1883, the statuette in wax, dressed in a flat linen corset and a book muslin *tutu* and shoes, of which the bronze, nude, is numbered 37 in the present exhibition, and several more of the same kind under rectangular glass cases. It was later, in the early 'nineties, that Degas showed me, in the rue Victor-Massé, the wax, among many others, of which the bronze is here numbered 6. He turned the statuette round slowly to show me the successive silhouettes thrown on a white sheet by the light of a candle.

But I am almost ashamed to step into the witness box to confirm, with trivial fact, what all students of art know of their own inner consciousness—like the German's camel. That is, that all draughtsmen are sculptors, and all sculptors draughtsmen. Still, nowadays nothing elementary can be taken for granted, any more than, if you want to get to Broadwood's, you can tell a taxi-driver to drive to a street that you pronounce "Kundit" Street. Does not Macaulay's schoolboy know that, to say nothing of the ancients, Sir David Wilkie modelled figurines to help his compositions? that Chardin's figure pieces wear the dressed-dolls on their sleeves? Did not Meis-

sonier model for his pictures? What is the painter Ricketts, but the sculptor of his bronzes? or the sculptor Ricketts but the painter of his pictures? Would Bartholomé have been the sculptor he is, but that he commenced painter? What is sculpture but a theoretically infinite series of silhouettes? or drawing but $\frac{1}{\infty}$ of sculpture? People talk of futurism. Is it presumptuous to wonder whether the time will not come when we shall judge a sculptor by his drawings?

Secondly, there is the song and dance, for which the French is *rengaine*, about the secretive and terrible aloofness of Degas. If an artist does not, like Rodin, call the press in once a week, to take his temperature, and to show them his tongue, the press is apt to revenge itself by calling him grumpy and mysterious. "There must be something radically wrong with a man who doesn't wish to see us." *Le maître grincheux.* Nobody was less grumpy than Degas. I can see him now leaning over the banisters in the early nineteen hundreds, and advising me, in the height of the impressionist boom, how to get on with the Paris dealers. "*Et Sickert? Tâches de patauger dans le blanc d'argent.*" "See that you *paddle* in flake white!"

No.

60. Femme assise dans un fauteuil, s'essuyant l'aisselle gauche.

61. Femme surprise.

62. Femme se coiffant.

63. Femme se lavant la jambe gauche (*Premier état*).

64. Femme se lavant la jambe gauche (*Deuxième état*).

65. Femme sortant du bain (fragment).

66. Femme s'étirant.

67. Femme assise dans un fauteuil s'essuyant le côté gauche.

68. La Masseuse (groupe).

DIVERS

69. Tête, première étude pour le portrait de Mme S...

70. Tête, deuxième étude d'après Mme S...

71. Portrait, tête appuyée sur la main.

72. La Cueillette des Pommes (bas-relief).

DEGAS THE SCULPTOR.

Remarkable Bronzes.

M.P. Sat. 20/2/12.

The collection of bronze statuettes by Degas, the famous French artist, on view at the Leicester Galleries, should not surprise even those who know him only as a draughtsman and painter. These remarkable figures have all the characteristics of his pictures, which are less organised compositions than separate studies of the roundness and suppleness of bodies and limbs, and the significance of movement. Degas, in his efforts to express action, gesture, and substance, sometimes adopted classic form; at others he could "pride himself on being Archaic," as Mr. Berenson observed. He had neither vision nor ideals, and evidently no regard for the principles that govern great design.

Perfect knowledge of anatomy and its superstructure gave him absolute freedom of expression, but he cared nothing for the heart or the soul of the *danseuses* he drew, or modelled in wax. He found no inspiration from whatsoever the spiritual passion that moved them; they gave him no message to communicate. They were to him merely the substance out of which he produced the most amazing and perfect exercises in terpsichorean attitudes and rhythm.

But these exercises, brilliant as they are, never resulted in the creation by Degas of a noble work of art, complete in all the architectonic qualities—unity, harmony, proportion—and quick with the spiritual or human significance that distinguishes and gives permanence to a masterpiece.

CONSUMMATE SKILL.

Such a performance was, of course, never the intention of Degas. He did with consummate skill what he set out to do. This is clearly evident in the remarkable works at the Leicester Galleries. They are mainly tentative realisations of half-formed ideas, "thumbed" at "idle" moments out of pliable wax or tallow, beautifully translated into bronze by the artist's "pious, wise, and effectual friend, the founder Adrien A. Hébrard," says Mr. Walter Sickert in his delightful preface to the catalogue. Mr. Sickert also controverts the statement that Degas took to modelling in his old age in consequence of the failure of his sight. His modelling dates back to the early Eighties. Mr. Sickert himself saw a statuette in the sculptor's rooms in Rue Pigalle, in 1883, and several pieces were shown at the "Salon des Indépendants" in 1884.

It is difficult to indicate all the pieces that may be referred to, owing to uncertain description from Paris about the figures, some of which are in two, three, and four states, each differing in its illustration of the motive. There is no doubt, however, about Nos. 15, 17, 35, 37, 60, and 67. The extraordinary figure of a dancer stretched horizontally on her right leg is, we think, No. 7 of the "Grande Arabesque" series; No. 19 may be the gracious "Danseuse" set, between two horses, on the top of a Cromwellian chest, and what many will regard as the finest statuette in the room is the one placed on the left of No. 70.

This is the most interesting show in London, and it should draw all lovers of art to the Leicester Galleries during the

CURRENT ART.

DEGAS SCULPTURE AT THE LEICESTER.

26 Feb. 1923 — Westminster Gazette

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.

The artistic excitement of the hour is the exhibition of works in sculpture by Degas at the Leicester Galleries. Most people had heard vaguely that the great French painter of the ballet was in the habit of modelling figurines in wax, but this is the first time that they have been shown in bronze, being only cast in that substance since the war, in fact. Though not all so entitled, they are essentially studies in movement; form, though beautifully realised, being a consequence rather than an aim. There are seventy-two of them, all being within the limits of the statuette, and they may be classified roughly as dancers, horses, and figures of women in various actions. The suggestion of movement, often consecutive stages of the same movement, in the dancers is simply wonderful. One gets the very idiom of the dance, as may be seen by comparing "Grand Arabesque" (5) with "Danse Espagnole" (16), in the wall-case. Nobody who has ever seen a Spanish dancer could fail to recognise what is intended without the title. Nor are the studies of horses less remarkable, "Cheval s'enlevant sur l'obstacle" and "Cheval se cabrant" being two of the happiest.

Turner's Water-Colours.

A calmer pleasure is to be enjoyed at the Cotswold Gallery, 33, Bedford-street,

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Some, where there is an exhibition of water-colours by Turner and other masters of the English school. Here Turner is shown in the making, so to speak. "Ruins of the Priory at Abingdon," done when Turner was fourteen, might, but for the evidence of immaturity, be by Edward Dayes, Girtin's master, who is represented by two excellent drawings near by. In "Marford Mill, near Wrexham," admirably finished though not laboured, Turner would seem to be emulating Ruysdael; and other fine drawings show his advance in breadth and freedom. "The White Bridge" is particularly interesting because it shows how perfectly Turner balanced his design from the first lay-in of a drawing. In its present stage it might be compared to a tune without words; the meaning being conveyed by the musical phrasing. Other artists represented are Cotman, J. R. Cozens, Varley and De Wint.

Lithographs and Cartoons.

At the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi, there are paintings of Spain and Venice by Miss K. Stewart-Wood, and drawings and colour-prints by Miss Ursula Wood. The former has a good eye for a picture, a delicate scheme of colour, and a quite unusual power of keeping consistency of tone and atmosphere throughout. "Very Early Morning" is, perhaps, the most perfect of her Venetian scenes in this last respect, though "On the Grand Canal" is remarkable in its realisation of veiled sunlight, and "View of Granada" and "At Segovia" best interpret the colour and character of the Spanish landscape. Miss Ursula Wood is happiest in her drawings of children. "In the Park" being particularly good.

The Three Shields, a new art gallery at 9, Holland-street, Church-street, Kensington, opens attractively with an exhibition of lithographs by Daumier, Gavarni, Tessieuse Lauirec, and Forain. The medium is to be seen at "full organ," so to speak, in the work of Daumier; the examples by him including three of "Les Cinq Sens" series, and the famous double caricature of Louis Philippe as "La Poire." The dozen examples by Gavarni are remarkable for their mingled grace and humour, and silvery quality, and the Forains are biting war cartoons. "The Three Shields," by the way, was the device adopted by painters during the Middle Ages, and this gallery evidently means to deserve the device.

At the Architectural Association, 34, Bedford-square, there are some extremely interesting original drawings by some of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century "architects." They include the river front of the House of Commons, by Sir Charles Barry, Street's design for the Law Courts, elevations of Somerset House and the House Guards, and an extremely beautiful drawing, in plan, section, and elevation, of the tower and steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow.

LEICESTER GALLERIES.

DEGAS AS SCULPTOR.

D.T. 24/2/23.

By SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

This exhibition of the works in sculpture of Edgar Degas is one of the most interesting and instructive that the year has hitherto given us. In England he is still chiefly, if not entirely, known as a painter and pastellist. In France this wonderful series of models in wax—taken from dancers of the *Grand Opera*, from nude women newly risen from the bath, and from racehorses—was known to the master's *intimes*, but until about a year ago had not been translated from wax to bronze. We owe it to Degas's "pious, wise, and effectual friend, the founder, Adrien A. Hébrard," as Mr. Walter Sickert calls him in his sharp-pointed little preface—that the fragile statuettes have, with unsurpassable skill, been cast in eternal bronze, and the proof thus assured that in Degas we have not only one of the greatest among modern painters but a sculptor (or rather a modeller) of marvellous subtlety and accomplishment. Mr. Sickert takes this opportunity of contradicting the often-repeated statement that Degas first took to modelling in his old age, when his sight failed him. He saw in the great painter's rooms, in 1883, the statuette which is No. 37 in the present exhibition, modelled in wax and dressed up in the orthodox *ballerina* style. The English biographer proceeds also to contradict another legend—that which made of the master a personage grumpy and most difficult of approach. Here, however, the weight of evidence is rather in favour of the popular presentment of Degas as a kind of Diogenes. Mr. Sickert was obviously a great favourite with him. These studies of female dancers—for the most part nude—realise, without departing from a fearlessly truthful ugliness, the climax of force and elegance.

Obviously they were done not as statuettes complete in themselves, but as preparations for those paintings and pastel drawings in which Degas has known no rival. In that absolute severity which he has known how to combine with unabashed nudity he has—unconsciously, as it were—lifted his bronze dancers into higher realms than those inhabited by the squadrons of the coulisses which with a skill so magical he has manœuvred. From the professional attitudes of the *ballerine*, described respectively as "*Arabesques*" and "*Grandes Arabesques*," these evolve themselves quite naturally not a few versions of a "*Diane Chasseresse*"; but rather of Houdon's wholly nude "*Diane*," that of the clothed and pretentious "*Diane de Versailles*" of the Louvre. Such concrete interpretations of his models would, however—unless we are greatly mistaken—have maddened Degas. Certainly not in his great oil paintings dedicated to the expression of operatic gymnastics did he consciously allow himself the least spark either of classicism or of romanticism. Still less did he intend to admit anything of the kind into these modelled preparations for the figures of dancers. How to give an adequate idea of these "*Arabesques*," these "*Grandes Arabesques*," these "*Positions de Quatrième*"—so much more interesting than the dry professional descriptions here attached to them! There are three versions of "*Danseuse rattant son bas*," and two of "*Danse espagnole*"; of which the latter is astonishing in rhythmic power, and completely free from triviality. Terpsichorean exercises of every kind are represented in this long series, two of particular excellence being "*Préparation à la Danse, pied droit en avant*," and "*Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit*."

Among the *Etudes des Femmes* (to be distinguished from the "Dancers") are things more realistic than elegant—never, however, in the least degree the result of a tendency to voluptuousness.

Hypercriticism might describe as coarse-grained and vulgar "*La Tub*," "*La Masseuse*" (*groupe*), "*Femme assise dans un fauteuil*," &c. Of an exquisitely natural movement and rhythm is, on the other hand, the "*Femme surprise*." Grand—far too grand indeed for the rustic subject—is the bronze relief "*La Cueillette des Pommes*." It is in the style of the middle *Cinquecento*, as developed especially in Florence, that Degas here practises with great power and ease. But perhaps the most wonderful achievements of the artist among these small bronzes—and they are not as obviously preparations for other works as are the nude bronze *ballerinas*—are the "*Chevaux*"—of which there are no fewer than seventeen in the show. The modelling is of

in that substance since [illegible] in fact.
Though not all so entitled, they are essentially studies in movement; form, though beautifully realised, being a consequence rather than an aim. There are seventy-two of them, all being within the limits of the statuette, and they may be classified roughly as dancers, horses, and figures of women in various actions. The suggestion of movement, often consecutive stages of the same movement, in the dancers is simply wonderful. One gets the very idiom of the dance, as may be seen by comparing "Grand Arabesque" (5) with "Danse Espagnole" (16), in the wall-case. Nobody who has ever seen a Spanish dancer could fail to recognise what is intended without the title. Nor are the studies of horses less remarkable, "Cheval s'enlevant sur l'obstacle" and "Cheval se cabrant" being two of the happiest.

Turner's Water-Colours.

A calmer pleasure is to be enjoyed at the Leggatt Gallery, 30, Tothill-street,

will be reduced

[illegible] as examples of [illegible]-colours by Turner and other masters of the English school. Here Turner is shown in the making, so to speak. "Ruins of the Priory at Abingdon," done when Turner was fourteen, might, but for the evidence of immaturity, be by Edward Dayes, Girtin's master, who is represented by two excellent drawings near by. In "Marford Mill, near Wrexham," admirably finished though not laboured, Turner would seem to be emulating Ruysdael; and other fine drawings show his advance in breadth and freedom. "The White Bridge" is particularly interesting because it shows how perfectly Turner balanced his design from the first lay-in of a drawing. In its present stage it might be compared to a tune without words; the meaning being conveyed by the musical phrasing. Other artists represented are Cotman, J. R. Cozens, Varley and De Wint.

Lithographs and Cartoons.

At the Twenty-One Gallery, Adelphi, there are paintings of Spain and Venice by Miss E. Stewart-Wood, and drawings and colour-prints by Miss Ursula Wood. The former has a good eye for a picture, a delicate sense of colour, and a quite unusual power of keeping consistency of tone and atmosphere throughout. "Very Early Morning" is, perhaps, the most perfect of her Venetian scenes in this last respect, though "On the Grand Canal" is remarkable in its realisation of veiled sunlight, and "View of Granada" and "At Segovia" best interpret the colour and character of the Spanish landscape. Miss Ursula Wood is happiest in her drawings of children. "In the Park" being particularly good.

The Three Shields, a new art gallery at 8, Holland-street, Church-street, Kensington, opens attractively with an exhibition of lithographs by Daumier, Gavarni, Tennhouse, Lautrec, and Forain. The medium is to be seen at "full organ," so to speak, in the work of Daumier; the examples by him including three of "Les Cinq Sens" series, and the famous double caricature of Louis Philippe as "La Poire." The dozen examples by Gavarni are remarkable for their mingled grace and humour, and silvery quality, and the Forains are biting war cartoons. "The Three Shields," by the way, was the device adopted by painters during the Middle Ages, and this gallery evidently means to deserve the device.

At the Architectural Association, 34, Bedford-square, there are some extremely interesting original drawings by some of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century architects. They include the river front of the House of Commons, by Sir Charles Barry, Street's design for the Law Courts, elevations of Somerset House and the House Guards, and an extremely beautiful drawing, in plan, section, and elevation, of the tower and steeple of St. Mary-le-Bow.

been cast in eternal bronze, and the proof thus assured that in Degas we have not only one of the greatest among modern painters but a sculptor (or rather a modeller) of marvellous subtlety and accomplishment. Mr. Sickert takes this opportunity of contradicting the often-repeated statement that Degas first took to modelling in his old age, when his sight failed him. He saw in the great painter's rooms, in 1883, the statuette which is No. 37 in the present exhibition, modelled in wax and dressed up in the orthodox *ballerina* style. The English biographer proceeds also to contradict another legend—that which makes of the master a personage grumpy and most difficult of approach. Here, however, the weight of evidence is rather in favour of the popular presentiment of Degas as a kind of Diogenes. Mr. Sickert was obviously a great favourite with him. These studies of female dancers—for the most part nude—realise, without departing from a fearlessly truthful ugliness, the climax of grace and elegance.

Obviously they were done not as statuettes complete in themselves, but as preparations for those paintings and pastel drawings in which Degas has known no rival. In that absolute severity which he has known how to combine with unabashed nudity he has—unconsciously, as it were—lifted his bronze dancers into higher realms than those inhabited by the squadrons of the coulisses which with a skill so magical he has manœuvred. From the professional attitudes of the *ballerine*, described respectively as "*Arabesques*" and "*Grandes Arabesques*," these evolve themselves quite naturally not a few versions of a "*Diane Chasseresse*"; but rather of Houdon's wholly nude "*Diane*," that of the clothed and pretentious "*Diane de Versailles*" of the Louvre. Such concrete interpretations of his models would, however—unless we are greatly mistaken—have maddened Degas. Certainly not in his great oil paintings dedicated to the expression of operatic gymnastics did he consciously allow himself the least spark either of classicism or of romanticism. Still less did he intend to admit anything of the kind into these modelled preparations for the figures of dancers. How to give an adequate idea of these "*Arabesques*," these "*Grandes Arabesques*," these "*Positions de Quatrième*" so much more interesting than the dry professional descriptions here attached to them! There are three versions of "*Danseuse rattant son bas*," and two of "*Danse espagnole*"; of which the latter is astonishing in rhythmic power, and completely free from triviality. Terpsichorean exercises of every kind are represented in this long series, two of particular excellence being "*Preparation à la Danse, pied droit en avant*," and "*Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit*."

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I don't know whether the following *mot* of the master is remembered in this country. One of the enquiring ladies that we sometimes used to have the privilege of taking in to dinner (now we shamble down pell mell) asked him, "*Pourquoi, Monsieur Degas, est-ce que vous faites toujours des femmes laides?*" "*Par ce que, Madame, la femme en général est laide.*"

But this was his fun, and said with the playful and affectionate courtesy we know. He had no need to defend himself. Look at the portrait, in the Tate, of the woman with the tracing on the background. Or the exquisite tenderness of the *femme au bandeau*. Beauty for him was in the lover's eye. He loved nature and movement with the kind of love that strikes a child with dumbness, and makes it turn its head away from the beloved, in bliss intolerable.

WALTER SICKERT.

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ÉTUDES DE MOUVEMENTS DE DANSE GESTES DE DANSEUSES, etc.

No.

1. Arabesque croisée sur la jambe droite, bras gauche en avant (*Premier état*).

2. Arabesque croisée sur la jambe droite, bras gauche en avant (*Deuxième état*).

3. Arabesque croisée sur la jambe droite, main droite près de terre, bras gauche en dehors.

4. Arabesque sur jambe droite, bras gauche dans la ligne.

5. Grande Arabesque, premier temps.

6. Grande Arabesque, deuxième temps.

7. Grande Arabesque, troisième temps (*Deuxième état*).

8. Grande Arabesque, troisième temps (*Premier état*).

No.

9. Position de Quatrième devant sur la jambe gauche (*Premier état*).

10. Position de Quatrième devant sur la jambe gauche (*Deuxième état*).

11. Position de Quatrième devant sur la jambe gauche (*Troisième état*).

12. Danseuse mettant son bas (*Premier état*).

13. Danseuse mettant son bas (*Deuxième état*).

14. Danseuse mettant son bas (*Troisième état*).

15. Danseuse attachant le cordon de son maillot.

16. Danse espagnole (*Premier état*).

17. Danse espagnole (*Deuxième état*).

18. Danseuse s'avançant, les bras levés (*Premier état*).

19. Danseuse s'avançant, les bras levés, jambe droi te en avant (*Deuxième état*).

20. Danseuse au tambourin.

21. Danseuse au repos, les mains sur les hanches, jambe gauche en avant.

No.

22. Danseuse au repos, les mains sur les reins, jambe droite en avant (*Premier état*).

23. Danseuse habillée, au repos, les mains sur les reins, jambe droite en avant (*Deuxième état*).

24. Danseuse au repos, les mains sur les reins, jambe droite en avant.

25. Danseuse saluant (*Premier état*).

26. Danseuse saluant (*Deuxième état*).

27. Danseuse se frottant le genou.

28. Danseuse agrafant l'épaulette de son corsage.

29. Danseuse tenant son pied droit dans la main gauche.

30. Danseuse faisant le mouvement de tenir son pied (la main gauche manque).

31. La Révérence.

32. Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit (*Premier état*).

33. Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit (*Deuxième état*).

No.

34. Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit (*Troisième état*).

35. Danseuse regardant la plante de son pied droit (*Quatrième état*).

36. Préparation à la danse, pied droit en avant.

37. Étude de nu pour la danseuse habillé.

CHEVAUX

38. Cheval de pur sang marchant au pas (le cou manque).

39. Cheval marchant au pas relevé.

40. Cheval caracolant (trois jambes manquent).

41. Cheval au galop sur le pied droit.

42. Cheval à l'abreuvoir.

43. Cheval s'enlevant sur l'obstacle.

44. Cheval se cabrant.

45. Cheval de trait.

46. Cheval faisant une "descente de main."

47. Cheval arrêté.

No.

48. Étude de cheval (les oreilles manquent).

49. Cheval au galop sur le pied droit, le pied gauche arrière seul touche terre.

50. Jockey seul allant sur le cheval précédent.

51. Cheval au trot, les pieds ne touchant pas le sol.

52. Cheval en marche (les oreilles manquent).

53. Cheval au galop tournant la tête à droite, les pieds ne touchant pas terre.

54. Jockey pour le cheval précédent.

ETUDES DE FEMMES

55. Torse.

56. Le Tub.

57. Femme enceinte.

58. Femme assise dans un fauteuil, s'essuyant la nuque.

59. Femme assise s'essuyant la hanche gauche.

SCULPTURE MADE POPULAR.

THE DEGAS EXHIBITION.

D. Mail ——— 27 Feb 1918

THROBBING WITH LIFE.

The genius revealed in the Degas statuettes of ballet dancers and horses now on view at the Leicester Galleries seems to have broken through the apathy and indifference with which the London public are apt to look at sculpture. In Paris people are as much interested in sculpture as they are in painting or in the drama.

In London they will, as a rule, only take notice of sculpture when some sort of sensational interest is attached to it, as there was to Epstein's "Venus" and "Christ." But the Degas statuettes have somehow caught on, if one may judge from the crowds that daily stream through the galleries.

Perhaps this sympathetic attitude of London towards the sculpture of Degas is due to the fact that these fascinating little bronzes have nothing in common with what has in the past been regarded as sculpturesque style. Perhaps the hostility of the Londoner towards sculpture in general is due to his intimate acquaintance with the horrible things which disfigure Westminster Abbey and so many of our public squares. Perhaps it is really a sign of good taste to shrink from the lifeless coldness which a century's experience has taught the public to associate with the idea of sculpture.

The Degas statuettes are throbbing with life. They are sensitively modelled, vital things, spontaneous, and full of movement—and the public flock to see them and are emphatic in their expressions of admiration. What is really surprising is the inexpensiveness of these bronzes compared with the enormous prices commanded by Degas's paintings and drawings. The whole collection of 70 bronzes could be acquired at the price of one of the master's paintings. It would be highly desirable if at least a portion of it could be secured for the nation, now that the Tate Gallery has some rooms reserved for modern Continental art.

P. G. K.

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